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*JUDOIGN.*

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**P O E M**

ON THE

LATE VICTORY

IN

**BRABANT.**

14. Dec. 1706.

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# JUDOIGN

A

## POEM.

**R**ISE Sacred *QUEEN*, *Apollo's* Darling Muse,  
And Martial Numbers thro' my Soul diffuse;  
Inflame my Mind with thy *Celestial Fire*,  
And with Poetick Heat my Breast inspire.  
Direct my Pen, my humble Verse refine,  
Correct and Polish every Barren Line:  
Let every Word my Lofty Subject square,  
And all a grateful happy Product bear.

**L**ong had the Haughty *Celtick* Monarch reign'd.  
And long had *France*, enslaven'd *France* complain'd.  
Tho' Glorious *Hocstet* in a purple Tide  
Quench'd his Ambition, and suppress'd his Pride:  
Yet soon recruiting his distracted Arms,  
He form'd new Projects, thunder'd new Alarms.  
The Ling'ring *Germans* did his Progress feel,  
And *Eugene's* Soldiers \* curs'd the Pointed Steel, }  
Whilst Great *Vendosme* made feeble *Savoy* reel.  
New Troops he levy'd, and refresh'd the Old;  
His Men were hardy, numerous, and bold.  
Near to the Banks of Fatal *Gheet* they lay,  
Strongly Entrench'd, and waiting for their Prey.  
At last push'd on by some Malignant Star,  
They march to try the dubious Fate of War.  
New Life they take, since join'd by *Marfin's* Horse,  
And on they go depending on their Force.  
*Judoign* their Left, *Mehaign* receives their Right,  
Assur'd of Conquest, and prepar'd for Fight.  
With no less Joy the *English* Troops advance,  
Resolv'd to curb the growing Pow'r of *France*.  
Their Left near *Folts*, Their Right near *Brance* they place,  
And with loud Shouts the hostile Squadrons face:  
They thus drawn up, in strictest Order go  
To meet the Fury of th' insulting Foe.

And

And now the Fight begins, whilst Trumpets sound,  
 And Martial Noises shake the beaten Ground.  
 Black Clouds of Smoak ascend the darken'd Sky,  
 And hissing Bullets thro' the Squadrons fly:  
 Mixt with small Shot the Roaring Cannons play,  
 And Hills of Warlike Heroes gasping lay.  
 Their hovering Soul flies thro' the gaping Wound,  
 And Streams of Blood immerse the purple Ground.  
 Twice gave *We* back, and Twice the *French* gave Way,  
 Whilst Fate conceal'd the Fortune of the Day.  
 The rallied Files renew the doubtful fight,  
 And send whole Thousands to the Shades of Night.  
 See how the \*Duke revives the wearied Troops,  
 Whilst at his Sight the Gallic Genius droops.  
 See how the Fates th' undaunted Heroe shield,  
 And safely guard him through the dangerous Field!  
 Tho' Hell beneath aims at his Sacred Breath,  
 And *France* above conspires his long'd for Death:  
 Secur'd by Heaven, he flights their fiery Rage,  
 Reserv'd to further free th' enslaven Age.  
 See how *Villroy* rides thro' the Bloody Plain,  
 How the *Bavarian* Rebel fights in vain!  
 In vain the *Gallic* Troops they strive to 'clear,  
 Weary of fighting and oppress'd with Fear.  
 The *British* Files push on their Timerous Foes,  
 And with fresh Force encrease their heavy Blows,  
 Whilst conquer'd *France* no longer dares oppose.  
 They quit the noble Field for baser Flight,  
 And curse the tedious coming of the Night.  
 Ten Thousand Souldiers on the Plain they leave,  
 A Loss they never, never can retrieve;  
 Their cumbring Arms in Haste, they fling away,  
 Since now made useless by the Fatal Day.  
 Hard at their Heels the Joyful Victor's press,  
 And stop their Hopes of Future Happiness.  
 Besmear'd with Blood, the fearful Squadrons fly,  
 Whilst Groans of dying Men divide the Sky.  
 In several Shapes the Cruel Sisters reign,  
 And Waves of Gore the Verdant Meadows stain;  
 The conquering Heroes no Resistance meet,  
 But see Ten Thousand Captives at their Feet:  
 As wheu some Stream swol'n with continual Rain,  
 Breaks down its Banks, and overflows the Plain.

\* *Marborough*

It sweeps the Fields, and drowns the wandring Herds,  
 And only leaves a Refuge to the Birds.  
 In vain the Boors strive to oppose its Force,  
 In vain they toil to stem its wat'ry Course:  
 Their useless Efforts vanish into Air,  
 And angry Heaven denies their slighted Pray'r.  
 Thus did the conquering Legions scour the Field,  
 And forc'd the routed *Gallic* Troops to yield:  
 Nought could resist the Mighty Conquerour's Hand,  
 Or make the Brave undaunted *Britains* stand.  
 But what no Human, no Mortal Arm,  
 No Bribes, no Cruel Fates, no Mystic Charm,  
 That did the Sable Curtains of the Night,  
 And eas'd the Squadrons in their rapid Flight.  
 The Envious Sun shut up the joyful Day,  
 And forc'd the stout Confederate Troops to stay  
 'Till Glorious *Phosphor* chas'd the Shades away.  
 Thus fell th' usurping Pow'r of Subtle *France*,  
 Reserv'd by Heaven to fall by *Marlborough's* Lance:  
 Thus Heav'n has favour'd the Confederate Arms,  
 Blest their Attempts, and prosper'd their Alarms.  
 Long may th' Almighty, Gracious Monarch smile;  
 Long may he safely guard the *British* Isle.  
 Long may bright *ANNA* rule this Happy Land,  
 Whilst Haughty *Lewis* stoops at her Command,  
 And *France* is govern'd by an *English* Hand.

F I N I S.